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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

SONGS OF NIGHT

ODE TO MYSELF TRYING TO SLEEP

Draw in the threads of thought—
Each delicate filament,
Reaching into too many places,
Finding forgotten faces . . .
Draw in the long twisting thoughts you have sent.

Strange, that you lie here wondering
About things that don't matter;
Strange, that you lie here pondering . . .
And outside, the raindrops patter,
A fog is on the town,
And over the river
The drenched lights cross and quiver,
And the far harsh rumble of trams goes up and down.

Once, like a wind, beauty swept through you;
Once, like a small song that sings and sings,
Happiness crept through you;
Once, love seemed the reason for things;
And once you thought
Peace had come upon you . . .

And then all came to naught.

Draw in the threads of thought—
Each delicate filament,

Marjorie Meeker

Quivering and bright;
Draw in the long twisting thoughts you have sent.
Cast all the tangled old dreaming and groping
To the still, deep,
Strange heart of Night
(Gentle forever to all grieving and hoping)—
And sleep.

IN DARKNESS

Deep in the heart of darkness I am lying,
Alone and still;
And all the winds of darkness and of silence
Work their will,

Blowing about me through the awful spaces
Of night and death;
Nor all immensity can touch or thrill me
To thought or breath.

Deep in the heart of darkness I am dreaming,
Quiet, alone,
Careless alike of tender words or cruel—
Even your own.

BY A WINDOW

The owl and the bat
Are alone in the night—